Dull. Not vnderſtoode none neither ſir.
Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or ſo: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Peda. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport: away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Ladyes.

Quee. Sweete hartes we ſhalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I haue from the louing King.
Roſa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
Quee. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be crambd vp in aſheete of paper
Writ aboth ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been fiue thouſand yeere a Boy.
Kath. I and a ſhrowde vnhappie gallowes too.
Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholie, ſad, and heauie,
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe bin Light like you, of ſuch a mery nimble ſtiring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin Grandam ere ſhe died.
And ſo may you: For a light hart liues long.
Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.
Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
Ros. Looke what you do, you do it ſtill i'th darke.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
Ros. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Quee. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſa.